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MY BLUE EYED BEAUTY.

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H. Montgomery White
of New York *all*

I have a Girl—a real Girl—not one of those minking, blinking, mashing, flirting damsels that catch on to every good looking fellow that spends his money flush. No—mine is an angel—an angel without wings. (Sings)—

She is a blue-eyed beauty,
She lives in number forty,
Next door to Tim McCarty,
Upon the second floor.
The first time that I saw her
She sat within the parlor,
And I caught her looking at me
As I passed her by the door.

Yes, and I was all broke up. It was a clear case of love at first sight. I never can explain how it was, but the moment I caught her eye it was all up with me. I felt so queer all at once. My heart began to knock against my side, and my legs, they wanted to stop right there. But no matter where I went after that, I kept seeing—

That little blue-eyed beauty,
She looked so sweet and pretty,
That I vowed that I would see her
And tell her of my love;
And if I could but win her,
No harm should e'er come to her,
I would love, guard and protect her,
My little blue-eyed Dove.

3944 P1

1884

So I went home and sat up all that night, and all the next day, and all the next night, thinking how I would manage to get an introduction to her, as I suspected the old folks were keeping an eye on her, and, perhaps, if I didn't hurry up, some other fellow would get there before me. So I kept on thinking about her until at last I fell asleep and dreamed—

Of a maiden fair and lovely
With eyes of heavenly blue,
With teeth of pearly whiteness
And lips of ruby hue.
Her voice was soft and gentle,
Her mind was pure and bright,
Her form was like the fairies,
As graceful and as light.

That's the kind of a Daisy she is, and that dream settled the whole business. The moment I woke up I hastily dressed, put on a clean collar, got a ten cent shine, swallowed a cup of coffee, and rushed right off with a bottle of poison in one pocket and a pistol in the other pocket, determined to die at her feet if she refused me. I first called on Tim McCarty; says I, Tim, I want you to give me an introduction to that little blue-eyed lass next door, says I. Can you show me good recommendation of yourself? says he. I can, says I; and with that I pulled out my pistol and pointed it at his head. There's my recommendation, says I. All right, says he; and in less time than it takes me to tell you about it *I got there*.

And I sat beside my beauty
With my arm around her waist,
And I told her how I loved her
Since first I saw her face.
She blushed, and said my dearest,
Ask my papa and my mama,
If they tell you that I mayest,
Then to marry we will haste.

That's all I wanted to know; as long as she was willing, I knew the old folks would be before I left them. So with a bold heart I started for headquarters. After a little skirmishing I succeeded in reaching the Governor's sanctum, and found the old Gent all alone, reading a newspaper and smoking a fragrant Havana, while his feet were cocked up on the mantel before him. Well, young man, what can I do for you? says he. I want your daughter for my wife, says I. W-h-a-t! my daughter marry you! says he (and his two eyes looked like two balls of fire as he turned them on me). *Yes; why not?* says I. You haint got money enough, says he. Well I have got something else, says I. What's that? says he. *Love*, says I. That won't support you, says he. I'll do the supporting myself, says I. Well, I don't know, says he. Well, *I know*, says I. I'll think about it, says he, and then went on reading his paper, entirely ignoring me. I saw it was a hint for me to leave, so I pulled out my pistol and pointed it at his head. I'll give you just two minutes to think about it, says I. Down came his feet from the mantel, up went his right hand. Its all right—she's yours—take her, says he. I will, says I. Then I went back to—

My little blue-eyed beauty,
My little woo-ty too-ty,
She looked just like an angel
As she met me at the door.
While I called her name the dearest,
And the sweetest and the nearest,
Pressed her to my heart and told her
She was mine for evermore.

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